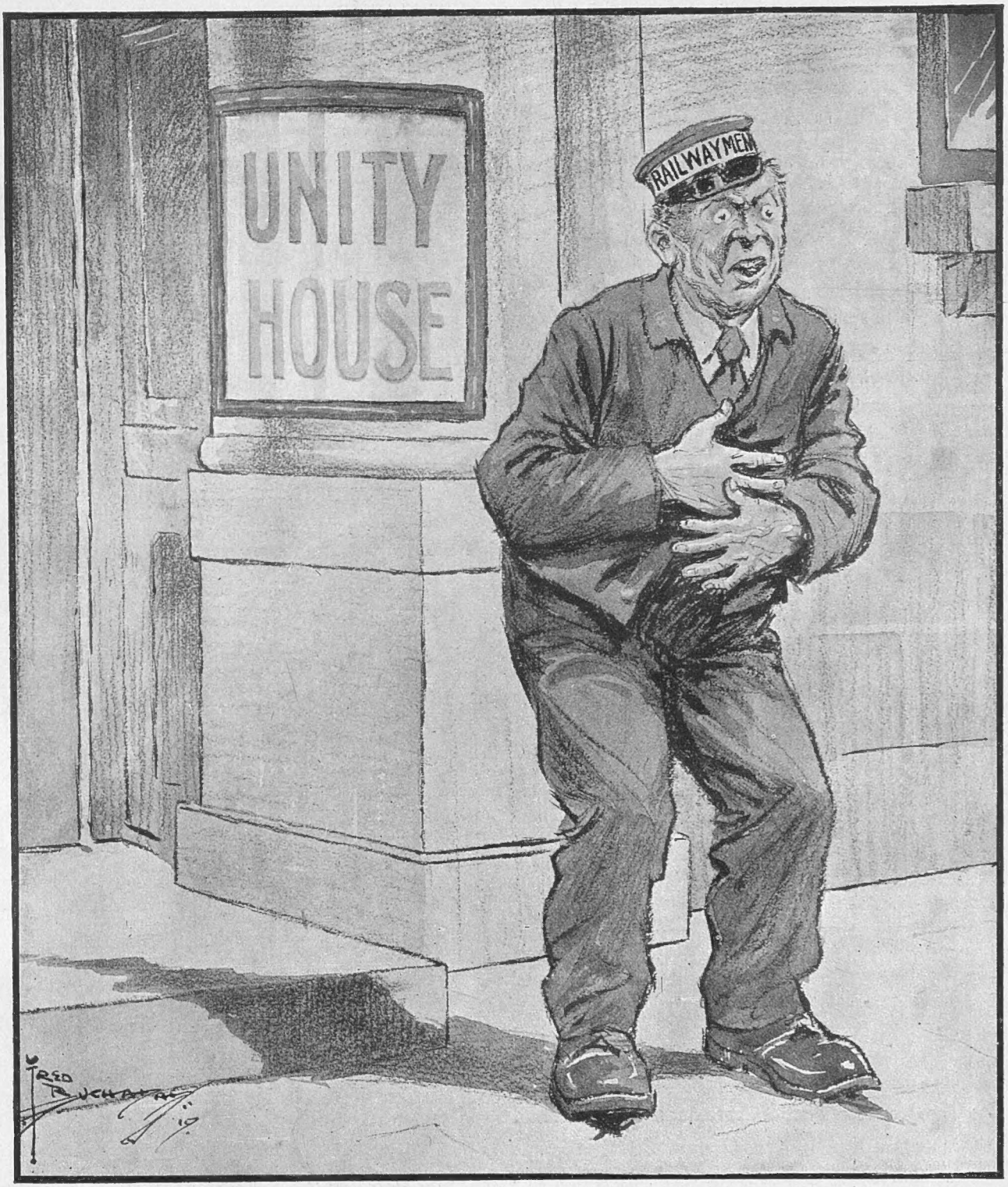
The Bystander, October 8, 1919. No. 827. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



"For the love of Mike!
Why did I strike,
And start this starvation ramp;
I gave me promise—
To J. H. Thomas,
But I never bargained for 'CRAMP!'"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"The Time Has Come"

PRIME MINISTERS are not given to making most serious statements lightly. Therefore, when Mr. Lloyd George said that the railway strike was an Anarchist conspiracy you may be perfectly sure that he had first-hand knowledge to go upon—very much a case of "from information as received." The Prime Minister, of course, has all the results of Scotland Yard observation of doubtful folk in this country, which is much more complete and Sherlock Holmesy than most of the respectable imagine, at his disposal. But there have been indications which show that, whether the leaders of the railwaymen were aware of it or not, some of those who want to sweep away the existing order of things were busy amongst their ranks. At one of the strike meetings a friend of mine, who knows the East End extremely well, was staggered to see a man, whom he had heard many times down Bethnal Green way ranting out Bolshevism, impure and unadulturated, to all who would listen, holding forth to the railwaymen. Not on Bolshevism, oh, dear me, no! It was on Government tyranny. When the meeting was over my friend tackled the speaker. At first he seemed rather taken aback at being recognised as an Anarchist speaker and denied my friend's assertions. He refused to enter into any discussion of the strike, and finally admitted what he was, saying, "The reasons for the strike have got nothing to do with us! The time has come, and in a month England will have a Soviet Government!" Well, it doesn't look like it.

An Afternoon Off

IT seems to me that, if what a statesman once called "the seething elements of the community" are going to bring about a successful revolution, they've got a prodigious amount of spade-work before them. The strike has virtually proved that any Government in this country, which acts with prescience and decision when the very roots of the Constitution are attacked, can rely not only on the moral support, but on the manual labour of the middle and upper classes—a combination that had not entered into the calculations of the organisers of the railway strike. We all thought that the War had done a good deal of levelling, but the strike has even levelled further. A V.C. Colonel cleaning railway horses and doing stable boy; a very brass hat sweeping a platform; a General washing railway carriage windows; and earls shouldering milk-cans, were spectacles that even the War did not provide. A well-known baronet and his wife have been working like Trojans in a canteen for the lorry-drivers. A friend called upon them one afternoon, and was informed by the servant "This is the first time Sir —— and her ladyship have been off duty this week, and they have gone to a cinema for a little change." The Anarchist gentlemen would probably call the baronet and his lady "bloated capitalists taking their pleasures through the sufferings of the poor."

The ex-Kaiser and the Old Volunteers

ON one of his glittering visits to Sicily—visits which, by the way, caused much annoyance in Rome because of the Imperial pomp and ceremony with which they were surrounded—the ex-Kaiser held forth at considerable length to an English guest at one of his dinners upon English ways and methods. It was in the time of King Edward. "You have a

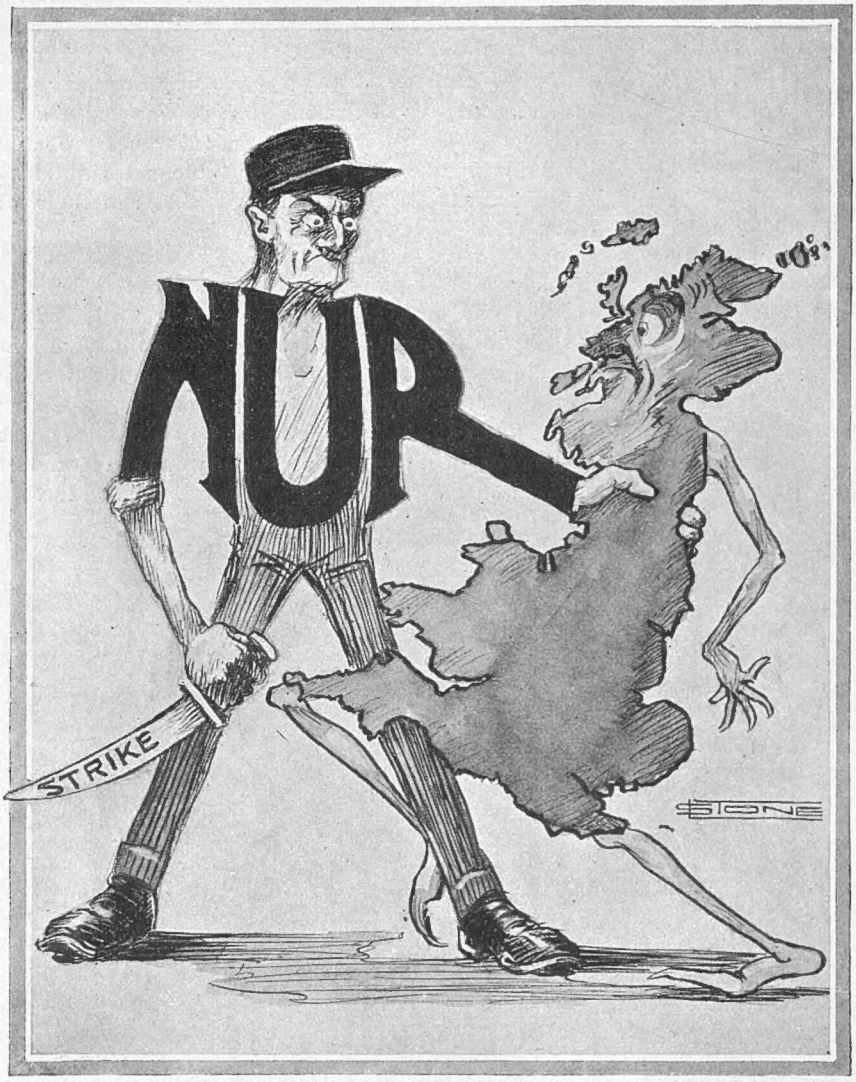
EXPERTO CREDE!

WILLIAM OF AMERONGEN (*to Thomas*): "I tried to put the wind up England and failed!"

BY ALFRED LEETE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

magnificent force of men in the Volunteers," said the ex-Kaiser. "But you don't realise it, and you don't appreciate them. In a modern war your standing army would be swallowed up in a month. Properly trained, your Volunteer Force would make the finest Citizen Army in the world. I have often said this to my Uncle Edward, but he always smiles and talks about something else." Perhaps King Edward knew more about it than he chose to say to his whirlwind nephew. At any rate, the Volunteers became the Territorials, and under that name certainly proved the ex-Kaiser's prophecy of "finest Citizen Army in the world" to be true. Yet, when he volunteered advice on a matter that was no concern of his the ex-Kaiser's prophetic instinct failed him. The very force he suggested eventually brought about the beginning of his undoing. Curious and interesting, isn't it?



THE MODERN HIGH(RAIL)WAYMAN
"Your money or your life"
By Stone

Modern Swashbuckling

I've heard more than one young man speak enviously of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "big adventure" at Fiume. Outwardly, I suppose, it has all the glamour of romance—a great writer turning warrior in his later middle-age and setting not only his own country, but all the Allied signatories of the Peace terms at defiance. Romance takes no account of actualities, nor of possible consequences to nations. In Italy, however, her greatest writer is not regarded as a heroic figure in this adventure. Behind it all lies a particularly sordid story. Signor Nitti, the Prime Minister, has many enemies amongst the lesser sort of Italian politicians. So far, he has quietly frustrated their underground methods to discredit him and drive him from office. This apparently Quixotic descent upon Fiume, and its "annexation" to Italy by d'Annunzio, is said to have been the outcome of a plot cleverly engineered by some of Signor Nitti's opponents, the poet-playwright having been equally cleverly used as a cat's-paw. D'Annunzio has a large streak of vanity and a passion for the theatrically picturesque, weaknesses which, it is now quite openly said, made him lend a too-willing ear to the plotters who hoped that his "capture" of Fiume would result in the immediate dismissal or resignation of Signor Nitti. So far the plot has failed, and d'Annunzio is beginning to look rather ridiculous. Literary geniuses, who take to swashbuckling in their maturity, should find out who they are going to benefit before they begin to swashbuckle. At the same time, d'Annunzio's vanity must be on the colossal scale if he thought he could rouse all Italy.

Bill Gawber Orates

"Nar, then, keep orf it," cried Bill in warning tones, as he saw me moisten my pencil.

"Keep off what?" I asked, in a well-assumed tone of innocence.

"That'll do. One more back-answer and yer'll taste the pavement, yer (decayed) Fleet Street (rat). I don't know nothin' abaht the (blue) strike. I'm on strike meself, that's all I knows."

"But you're not withdrawing your labour as a conversationalist, are you?"

"I dunno wot yer mean. Yer words want shortening. 'Spose you use long words 'cos you want less of 'em ter make yer penny a line. All I knows is I'm on strike. And don'tcher ask why, yer (pink slug). I'm on strike 'cos everybody as ain't on strike is goin' to be. See? Even the parsons."

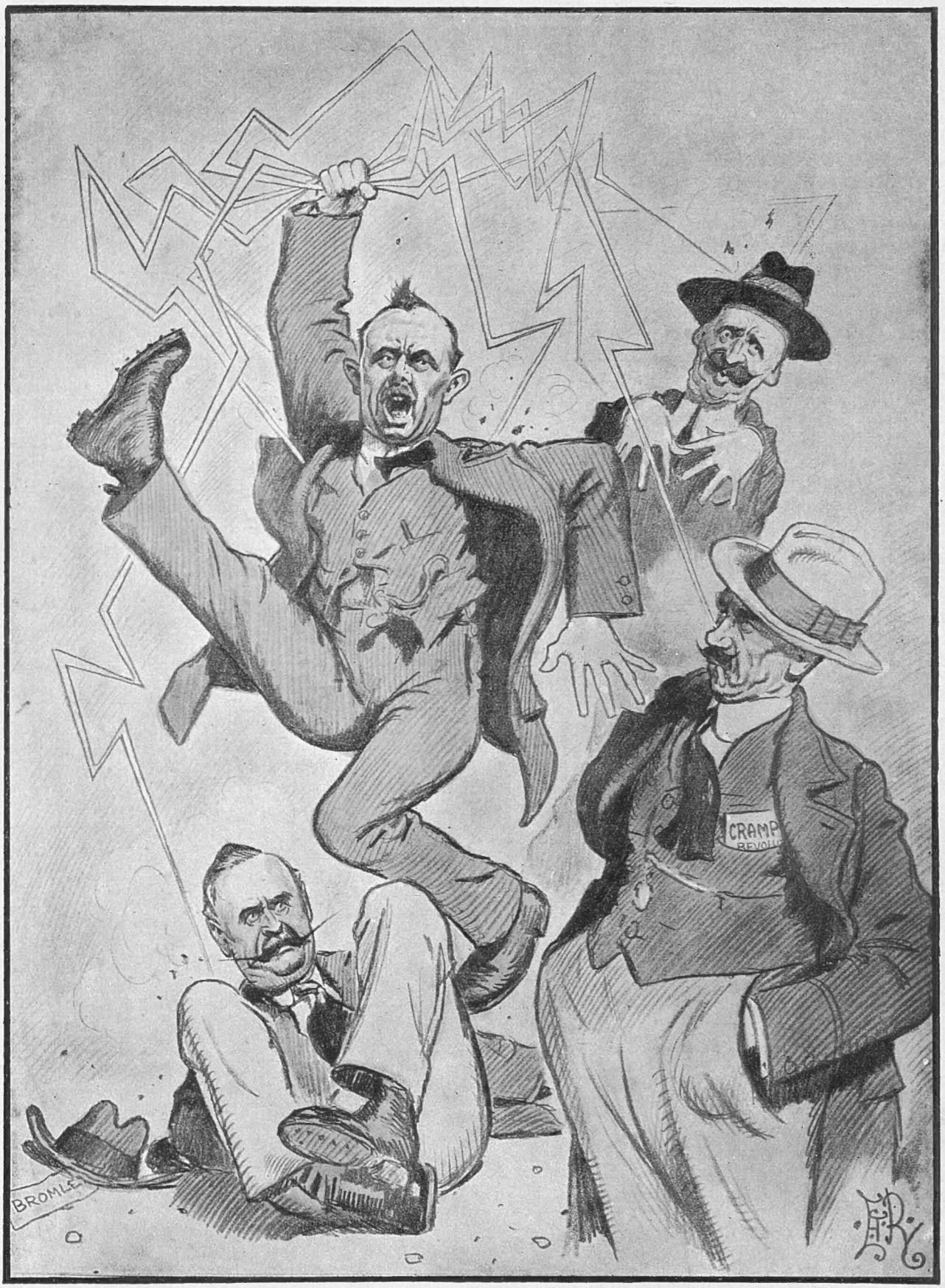
"The parsons?" I asked, helplessly.

"Yes, the parsons. Why don't yer read the papers 'stead o' writing 'em? Yus, even the parsons is fed-up with yer (gory) Coalishern and yer (scarified)

(Continued on page 86)

"Sic Semper Tyrannis";

OR, THE LIGHTNING STRIKES—BUT *WHOM?*



MR. J. H. THOMAS *(the hapless "Jove" of the Railwaymen)*: "Here, I say, this blessed lightning's gone all wrong, somehow! I'm certain we've forgotten something!" (They had: Motor transport, *and* British determination not to be governed by bullies)

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

profiteers. They're comin' aht for double tithes, a bit out o' Queen Anne's Bounty (she's dead, it won't 'urt 'er), and double time at the mothers' meetin's. I sez, 'Cheerio, comrades, or reverend brethren, or wotever it is.'"

The Padre

"BUT, Bill, I have heard you express yourself unkindly about the clergy, and now. . . ."

"Ar, that was before the War. Yer so (smoking) out o' date. I bin 'earin' young Bert talk, as is just demoberlised. 'E 'ad a *padre* out there as fetched 'im in from No Man's Land. 'Damn,' sez Bert, as 'e comes to, as was natcheral like. ''Ear, 'ear,' sez the *padre*, 'and 'ave a tot!' 'Where'd yer get the rum?' sez Bert. 'Pinched it off the sargint!' sez the *padre*; they sez only the devil could git rum out o' the sargint, and now, Bert, yer see even old Nick's got ter 'and over to the *padre!*' 'Bless 'im,' I sez; 'e can 'ave me soul if 'e calls early; 'e can even 'ave me Gov'ment 'erring.'"

"Herring?" I murmured, faintly.

"Yus, 'erring, yer (degraded reptile). Don'tcher know as we're ter 'ave Gov'ment 'errings next week? as if we 'adn't learnt our lesson with Gov'ment beer!"

Herrings and Huts

"AN erring Government is no new thing, Bill. . . ."

"'Old yer row, Clarence. Don't it make yer feel serious to 'ear that the Gov'ment is goin' ter buy 600,000 barrels of 'errings and take three-quarters o' the profits, and wot for? Aye, wot for?" he bellowed. "Ter parm off them (decorated) Coalishern 'errings as kippers and bloaters. Springin' it on the pore workin' man."

"But, Bill, don't you know that every giddy kipper was a herring before its giddiness was cured?"

"Oh, was it?" asked Bill, rather dashed. "Well, why don't they say so? Stead o' pouring money on to them profiteering fishermen."

"Don't abuse the fishermen, old egg; you wouldn't leave your little wooden hut to change places with them. So damp, you know."

"Wooden 'uts," repeated Bill, dreamily, "I bin 'earin' a bit abaht them, too, though the papers call 'em wooden 'ouses."

"Well, don't you think it's a neat idea, Bill? Instead of tying you down to brick, stone, slate, which we haven't got, the Ministry of Health proposes to allow the Borough Councils to build you an elegant Swiss *chalet*, a Scandinavian bungalow fit for the performance of domestic Ibsenian drama, a gay Chinese pagoda, Bill, a Virginian cottage decorated in Colonial Adams, my dear fellow, a painted villa by the side of which Worthing and . . ."

"Ar," said Bill, "that's all right. Where's the timber?"

I retired hurt. If only one could build with words!

AGITATORS: "ALL GASSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO"

(Hyde Park has been closed to the public and taken over by the Food Controller)

By Alfred Leete

"We" and "Us"

LAST week's *Graphic* publishes an article by A. G. Gardiner, late editor of the *Daily News*, on the demise of the editorial "We." Mr. Gardiner regrets the old first-person plural. WE don't. It always struck US as a rather cowardly form of newspaper rhetoric. It was one man's opinion definitely expressed, so why distribute the responsibility for it?

Our Autumn Hunting Number

LAST week it was announced in these columns that this issue of THE BYSTANDER would be our Special Autumn Hunting Number. That this promise could not be fulfilled we infinitely regret, but, I take it, readers will not require more than one guess as to the reason. It has, therefore, been postponed to a date, I trust, not far off in the immediate future, when transport has once more become normal.

"Direct Action"

THE PRESUMABLY LOGICAL EFFECT OF THIS PRINCIPLE

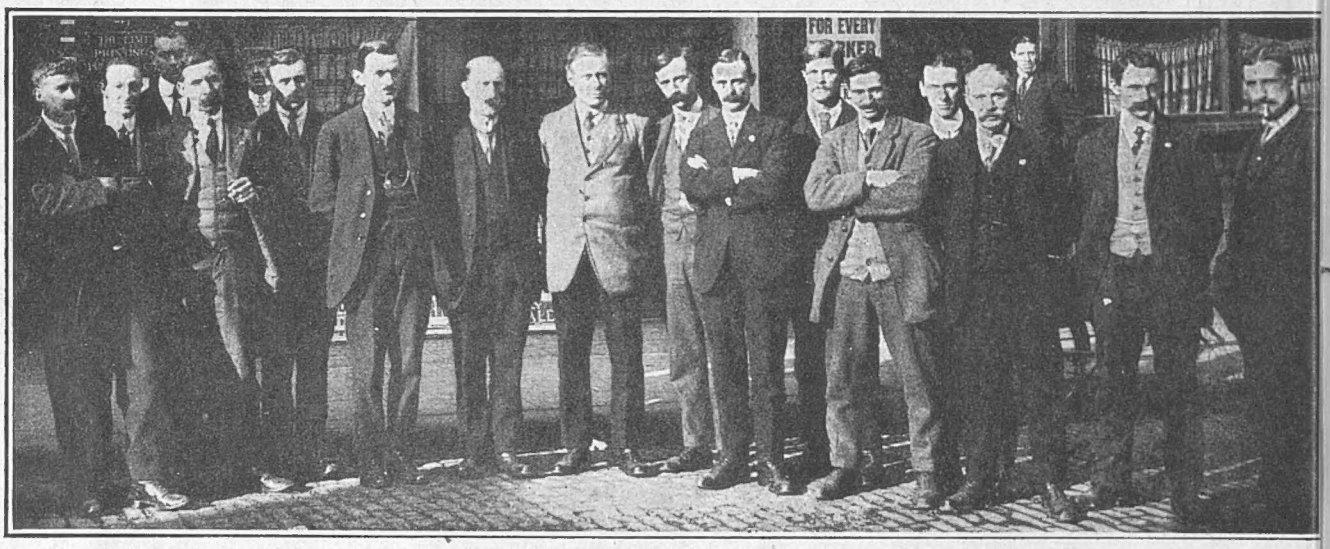
BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"Red" Men (who may soon be very "Blue!")

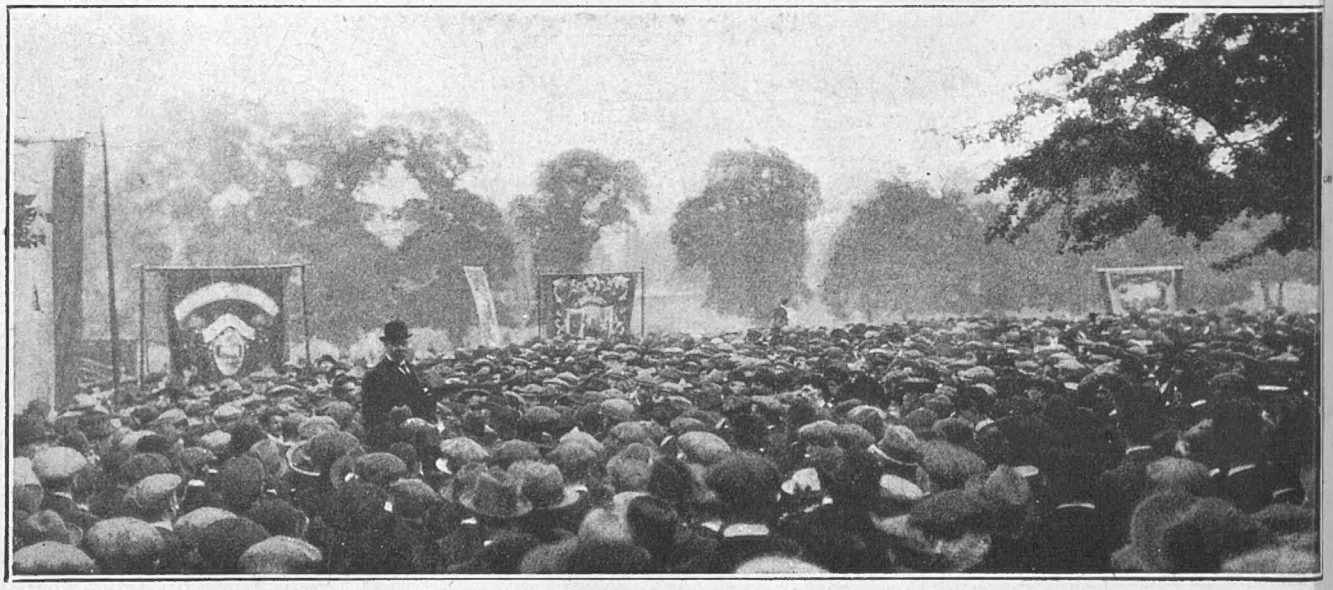
RAILWAY STRIKERS AND THEIR LEADERS—

KING ME!
A "striking" snapshot of His N.U. Majesty, J. H. Thomas, at Clapham. It will be noticed that his eyes are closed to the facts of the situation

KELLY—FROM KING'S CROSS
"Has anybody here seen him" as he really is? There is a very different sort of Kelly on the next page!



FOLDED ARMS WHILE THE COUNTRY SUFFERS!
The members of the London Strike Executive Committee outside their headquarters



MR. CART (WHO, WE TRUST, WILL SOON BE IN IT) ON PARLIAMENT HILL
This gentleman is the Organising Secretary of the London Division of the N.U.R. He addressed a number of large meetings last week

and "White" (who are White all Through!)

——BRITISH OFFICERS TO THE RESCUE

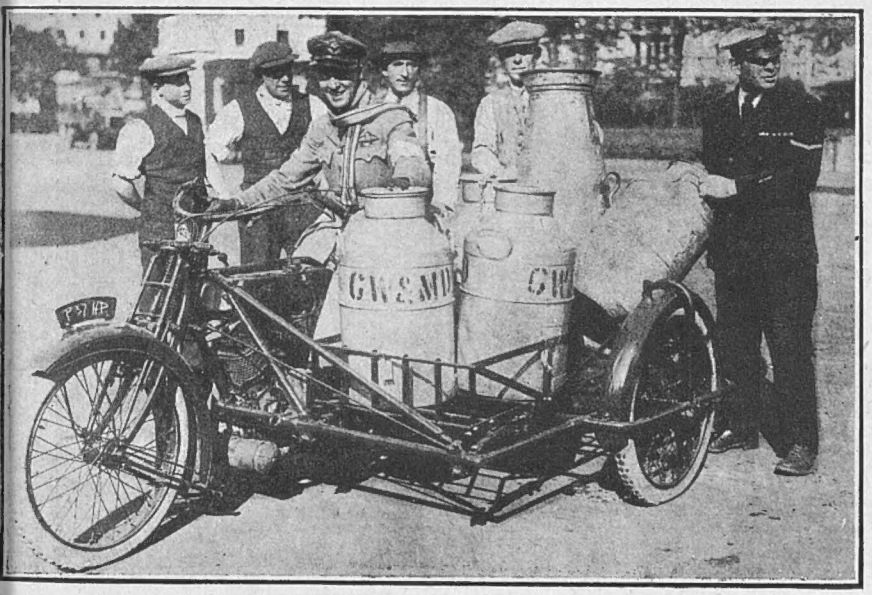
CAPT. GILBEY (right) AND THE HON. E. KNOLLYS
Volunteer helpers at Paddington

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHERWOOD KELLY, V.C., D.S.O.
Helps with the horses of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway

A NAVAL OFFICER
Unloading milk cans at Paddington Station

ARMY OFFICERS AS RAILWAY PORTERS
The first things they wanted were brooms to sweep the platforms

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PHILIP NASH, K.C.M.G.
Who is in charge of the country's transport



A R.A.F. PILOT STARTS WITH THE MILK
The photograph was taken near Hyde Park Corner

MAJOR FLETCHER (on left)
Who is in charge of the Hyde Park Food Centre

The "Plane" Way Out—

—Of the Railway Strike Difficulty

BY BLAMPIED

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE."

LONDON, *October* 6, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

HOME again! Good-bye, summer, good-bye, good-bye-ee. Autumn's here:

When winds blow high and leaves begin to fall,
And the wan sunlight flits before the blast;
When fields are brown and crops are garnered all,
And rooks, like mastered ships, drift wide and fast.

卐 卐

BACK again—to *what* a London! Chaotic, simmering, disorganised. . . . Strikes, war rations, lights low, prices higher and higher. . . . "Nothing like this in Russia!" as a cheery thing in N.O.'s, just back from a "lovely summer" in the Baltic, remarked, on his way to the Goat for a corpse-reviver one day last week, after a fruitless search for a train or a bed or dinner. . . .

卐 卐

AND, indeed, about *the* best thing in Bolshevism yet, hasn't it been, this last and most amazing and immoral of our strikes? Great England at a standstill, because, forsooth, some 600,000 or so of her lowest classes willed it so! People hopelessly inconvenienced, a half-bankrupt country, its wounds of war still sore, in thrall. . . . Can't we do *anything* with this enemy within our gates that looks like jolly well completing the task the Hun began?

卐 卐

WHAT about a little shooting? Better game, any day, a Bolshie than the harmless pheasant or partridge in the autumn coverts. And if shooting's too drastic, why not martial law? After all, not so very long ago, is it, since we were a nation in arms, and a conquering nation in arms at that? Don't see why we shouldn't fight the Hun at home quite as well as the Hun in France, properly organised.

"The poor starved humiliated Hun"

卐 卐

REALLY a *rather* nasty jar, strike or no strike, you know, the return of war rations. We'd got used to wallowing, if not in plenty, anyway in an adequacy of sweet stuffs and meat and bread and "marge." Back again to a weekly ration of—

1 oz. of butter,
6 oz. of sugar,
2 oz. of bread and cake at tea,

and such meat as the early bird may perchance obtain for the sum of 1*s.* 8*d.* (nothing *I* ever want ever seems to be going, somehow, for such a mere bagatelle of a price!). Really, quite makes one sit up and wonder why we bothered to fight the War, doesn't it?

"The price of fish will be far beyond the reach of any but the richest"

卐 卐

"OH, well, if we can't get meat we'll just have to eat fish, that's all!" was my cook's *riposte* to the new rations. After which, fairly felt sunk, I did, when I read in the paper that "the price of all fish will be far beyond the reach of any but the richest" this winter. Trouble is these days, you know, here in England now, that you can't economise even if you stay at home and eat the *dullest* foods. About dining off hashed mutton and rice pudding there *used* to be, anyway, the inward satisfaction that at least you were in pocket by your frugality.

卐 卐

GREATER rage than ever, you know, for dancing this autumn—and they say in Berlin the "poor, starved, humiliated Hun" is indulging even more wildly. (Poor thing! We *did* humiliate him,

didn't we?) Really a marvel it is, where people get the leisure and the money—and the men! Of women, of course, there's never any shortage in this our over-stocked England. In fact, positively dread, I do, the *further* rush of them when at last they let them all loose from Wimereux and the other places, all those Waacs and Wrens and Wrafs and things who are still so busy in France and elsewhere providing home comforts for the troops.

卐 卐

One thing's anyway certain—that now the overseas men are nearly all departed and our men, too, have gone their separate ways, there isn't a man, or even half a man, a head. Horrible situation, isn't it? And as to our superfluous ones heading off for places where there still *are* unappropriated males—trouble is, you see, there's not a jazz band for miles in most of the spots they inhabit. Where woman's sphere, too, is so unadulteratedly domestic, one simply can't imagine in them those cheery young women of to-day, to whom the very word "housework" is enough to bring on spasms, or worse.

"More vastly alluring than ever"

卐 卐

But about the dance-clubs and the dance-places, extraordinary how they increase and multiply. Columns of advertisements in the papers of tea-dances, practice dances, subscription dances, victory dances, and innumerable energetic young women helping England to win the War—I mean, the Peace—by offering their services as teachers of the jazz, the fox-trot, hesitation, tango, "one's," and last, not least, the new Ki-ki-Kan, which I'm told's a fascinating variation of the one-step.

卐 卐

Seems, doesn't it, what with all the new plays and new dance-places and new books and new clothes — especially, by the way, new clothes, which really are this winter more vastly alluring (*and* more curtailed, both ends) than ever—we aren't going to be so very dull this autumn, be Labour never so recalcitrant, and our financial state never so rocky and our debts never so crushing? There's nothing, someone's said, sadder than autumn, except spring. But War's taught us at least this, hasn't it, that we may show our smiles, but never our tears, to the world?

卐 卐

And, after all, though there mayn't be any trains or tubes and hardly any food, drink, or fire, anyway it's a Peace and not a War autumn. Which is something to be thankful for. And this living dangerously that we seem to have adopted as our fixed and permanent method of existence. . . . Compensations even here, if it *is* a little wearing, for anything's better than to rust out.

卐 卐

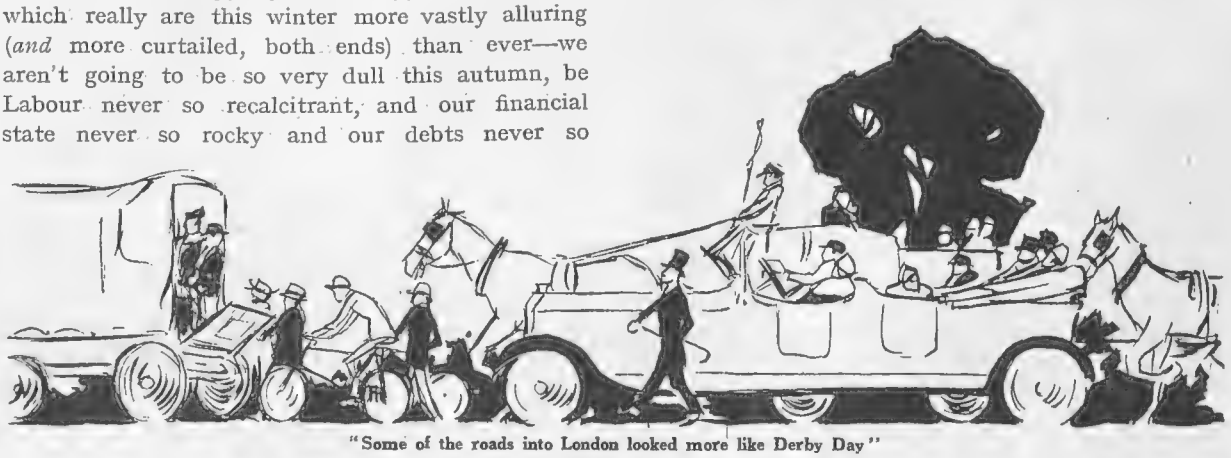
Consider, *par example*, the "livers" that were warded off by people having perforce to walk last week instead of ride. And how good for the owners of Rolls-Royces, that giving chance passengers (probably in boots both thick *and* muddy) a "lift," as per request of the Government! True, of this last example of strike-time patriotism, one did not in strike-week remark a superfluity. But that, perhaps, is hardly surprising, considering the class of people they mostly are who can afford to drive cars *de luxe* nowadays.

卐 卐

Apropos, all right when the sun shines, these transport strikes—really some of the roads into London looked more like Derby Day, fine mornings last week, than anything so dull and bothersome as industrial anarchy. But 'snother pair of shoes *quite* when it's cold and grey and wet. Most of our boots are still war-time, if there *is* a (sort of) Peace on. They say, you know, all the best shoe-leather's gone to Germany. They can afford to pay for it there!

With love, yours ever,

Blanche



"Some of the roads into London looked more like Derby Day"

The Drayman Does His Bit

AND A PARTICULARLY PLEASANT LITTLE BIT, TOO!

"It's part of me patriotic duty to help stranded people along!"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

How it "Strikes" Them Across the Channel

SKETCHES BY MISS HELEN McKIE, MAROONED AT BOULOGNE

As readers of this journal know, Miss Helen McKie, whose delightful drawings adorn the pages of "Blanche's Letter," has been staying in Boulogne—and when the strike broke out she was still there. Any attempt to get to London was, of course, out of the question, so Blanche's Letter was forwarded to France. But, like so many letters last week, its transit was delayed—too long. Perhaps if the Post Office people had realised *whose* letter was inside the little packet they might have rushed it over. But, of course, they couldn't tell. So Mr. Higgins, whose work is also well-known in THE BYSTANDER, has filled the gap. But meanwhile Miss McKie, not to be outdone by strikes, did some drawings off her own bat, so to speak, and two officers who were crossing last week and meant to get to London somehow, kindly brought them over. And here they are.

The Sort of Thing We'd Soon See

IF RAILWAY AND OTHER STRIKES WERE ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL

QUEUE OF DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS, SCIENTISTS AND AUTHORS RECEIVING THEIR WEEKLY PAY

BY BERT THOMAS

JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH!

ETHEL: "Oh, Claude, how I should *love* to see you play this game!"

"Nothing Doing"

By A. A. THOMSON

By JACK DODWORTH

To the Secretary of the Neo-Bolsh Federation of All —or quite a number of — The Russias. From Serge Ollavitch Slinkoff, London Delegate.

"BROTHER—In penning this communication I am obliged to confess that any hopes we may have had of bringing the true light of liberty to this benighted island are fruitless and vain. The incident I am about to relate is typical of the abysmal depths in which the English delight to wallow.

Last evening, after addressing a large, but, I fear, apathetic gathering in the place of public oratory called Hyde Park, I repaired to a Pub (the local name for wineshop) near by, for the apostle, as our Russian proverb has it, is worthy of his vodka. There I came into conversation with a brawny, broad-shouldered specimen of the N.U.R. (or English moujik) class. This fellow welcomed the suggestion that he should drink at my expense and asked me to state my views in the striking phrase: 'Well, wot's your game, matey? Corf it up.'

(*I shall endeavour throughout to reproduce his dialect in all its uncouthness*).

I explained to him the glorious aims of our Federation; how we intended to replace the present deplorable right of the few to oppress the many, by according to the many the right to murder everybody else.

'You can go on torking,' said he, obviously impressed, 'as long as you pays for the beer.'

'Under our all-conquering *régime*,' I went on, 'principalities and powers, tyrannies and bureaucracies will be swept away.'

'Good,' said he, 'and wot will you do to our pore M.P.'s?'

'Their severed heads,' I rejoined, 'will hang dripping from yonder stately pile which you call the Memorial of Albert.'

'Splendid,' said he, 'and ow' are you going to tackle these 'ere profiteers?'

'Ah,' I replied slyly, 'under Bolshevism we shall have nothing to fear, for we shall be profiteers all alike. Every man will be free and equal. There will be no more control; no coal control, no food control, no self-control. Liquor will flow like water——'

'Which it couldn't flow no more like water,' he interrupted, evincing an emotion which I could not understand, 'than it do at present.'

'Everything,' I continued, 'will be nationalised—mines, railways, brains and umbrellas. Every thing.'

'And wot abaht breweries?' he demanded.

'I do not know what breweries are, my friend,' I replied, 'but you may rest assured that they will be nationalised too.'

'Top 'ole!' (a curious idiom signifying approval) he exclaimed, and with every sign of lasting friendship, gripped me by the hand.

(Continued on page 98)

Quite as Dangerous as Lucifers

"SOME PEOPLE WOULD RATHER BE AGITATORS THAN WORKERS"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"NOTHING DOING" (*concluded*)

'Yore a pal. Come back into the Park and preach abaht naturalising breweries. You'll 'ave a mighty big follering, not 'arf you won't—with all us strikers abaht."

Thereupon we walked together into the Park and paused before a pavilion (or bandstand) where a horde of red-coated musicians, drawn, I understand, from the country's brutal and licentious soldiery, were playing a banal and uncultured air. This soon ceased and another tune began, at the first notes of which all the assembled populace, who were sitting around on chairs, stood up. I am totally at a loss to account for the events which followed. The railwayman, hitherto so amiable, suddenly became smitten with maniacal fury.

'You low scut!' (evidently a term of some opprobrium) he roared. Then advancing upon me with menacing violence, he struck me three times upon the nose, snatched off my hat, tore it into ribbons and danced upon the fragments, crying out the while:

'I'll learn you, you 'eathen . . . . comin' to me an' bribin' me with free beer. You perishin', plate-lickin', piffle-slingin' furriner. *I'll learn you not to take your greasy 'at orf when they play "Gawd Save the King."*'

The bystanders, so far from being horrified at this diabolical outrage, expressed their unqualified approval, and a member of their hated police—a corrupt and bribe-ridden body, as all the world knows—stood by and actually guffawed.

I ask you, my brother, can there be any hope for a land in which such a wanton outrage is not merely condoned but applauded?

I therefore beg to request an immediate transfer to some less barbarous locality—say Odessa—where the flag of freedom is not, as in perfidious Albion, trampled in the dust. I anxiously await your long-promised remittance of one hundred roubles for travelling expenses, to which please add three and three-quarter roubles expended on replenishment of headgear.

Believe me, dear Brother,

Yours in the deathless cause,

S. O. S."

Photograph] MISS EVELYN LAYE [*Lallie Charles*

Who is playing in the new Gaiety production, "The Kiss Call"

The Striker Struck!

"'Ere, what abaht my strike pay?"

"Yer don't get none. The strike-pay Committee's been worked so blooming hard that *they've* struck!"

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

In Cologne

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE re-opening of the Opera with "Tristan" revived the heart-burnings of last spring over "allotments" of seats, and the suppressed annoyance of the Hun was no more real than the equally intense, and more vociferous protests of formations who felt they had not got their rightful share of requisitioned seats. Horrible threats were, of course, breathed against that universal and ever available scapegoat "The Staff."

THIS enthusiasm of the "brutal and licentious soldiery" for art and culture (spelt with a "c" *and* an "e") please), is quite a remarkable feature of life in Occupied Territory. Whether it originated in a determination to show the Hun that our appreciation of music was not confined to keeping German bands out of England, or in a feeling that to go was "good form," there is no doubt now that the Cologne Opera rouses keen enthusiasm. Rightly so, too, for neither the house nor the performance have lost any of their pre-war excellence. It is, perhaps, the lighting and effects at the Opera as well as the Schauspielhaus that are most generally commented upon with approval, and as the best seat in the National Theatre here costs us about one-and-six, and in the Opera about three shillings, it is no wonder that there are plenty of khaki patrons of both.

THE "brutal and licentious," however, do not confine themselves to looking on at and admiring German art, but have made a very creditable attempt to compete with it. At the requisitioned Deutsches Theater is an excellent repertory company which has slowly won its way to fame, composed largely of officers and men of the Rhine Army. Here, since the signature of peace, can occasionally be seen amongst the mass of khaki in the audience, bespectacled, earnest gentlemen, intent on their money's worth, discussing between the acts the comparative merits of "Pernard Zshaw" and "Ozgar Vilt" as painters of the normal life of England! No wonder we are secretly referred to as "die Verrückte Engländer"!

IN Cologne we have heard that people who demobbed in the first great rush after the Armistice were told that they could not expect well-paid jobs after "wasting" four years in soldiering. The Rhine Army is busy making good their "wasted" years. Not only are the Army colleges well attended, but the language schools of Rhineland are filled with eager officers and men wrestling with the vagaries of der, die and das.

WE find time, however, for lighter things than Wagner, repertory drama and study. Sports of all kinds (on various grounds, "kindly lent by the owners," on receipt of a little note from us, headed "Requisition") is in full swing. Three or four German light opera theatres, and a dozen "v o r n e h m e" cafés and cabarets provide amusement to many of us—and we provide it to the Germans, when we have to walk out of the cabarets at ten p.m.

"Could not expect well-paid jobs after 'wasting' four years"

WHEN all other amusement palls, the contemplation of some of the more exotic forms of German male self-expression in the matter of clothes will always bring a

"Exotic forms of German males"

smile to the face of the most bored of Tommies. What a joy is the student, in his rainbow-hued cap and sash, especially the variety in which the cap takes the shape of a ruined blanc-mange, tastefully coloured in green, red and purple! What a thing of beauty is the stout, bespectacled gentleman of forty in his "Touristenkleid" of olive green cotton unmentionables, decked out with little tassels and braidings of bright emerald hue, bare knees, and a white shirt similarly adorned with olive trimmings, and a perfectly "dinky" little green Tyrolese hat, with a feather stuck in at a jaunty angle! And who could withstand the charm of a "Schportsmann" of any kind, that figure of fun, who, whether dressed for shooting, riding, hunting or motoring, inevitably calls up visions of Harry Tate?

A SOLE exception might be made in favour of the "Wassersportmann." The German eights on the water certainly present a workmanlike appearance, and their rowing is "tüchtig"; but why, oh, why must they advertise themselves afterwards by walking about in semi-uniforms which make them look like pursers on cross-Channel steamers?

ERIC GORDON

If the Germ Spreads!

WHEN THE DOCTORS STRIKE
"Cheerio, I'm cutting off!"

AND WHEN DENTISTS STRIKE
"I reckon we have the pull!"

AND WHAT OF THE JOURNALISTS?
"Blankety blankety blank!"

IF THE DIVORCE COURTS STRIKE—?
Luxuries will be dearer!

A bank strike would be a change!

TO THE EDITOR,
"THE BYSTANDER"

Owing to our union declaring a strike cannot complete page

HOWARD K. ELCOCK '19

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"AFGAR"

THE LONDON PAVILION

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by HARRIS*

WHEN Mr. C. B. Cochran decided to produce this splendid extravaganza, it seems that he was called upon to choose whether he would give us the real atmosphere of Eastern romance or whether he would tone down the high lights in conformity with the tenets of Little Bethel. Being a true artist, he very properly chose to give the Oriental atmosphere, which is by tradition, I believe, a delicate, hazy blue. Little Bethel, of course, reared up on its hind legs and barked a bit; but its voice has happily been drowned in the overwhelming chorus of approval that has greeted the new display of very rich humour and artistic beauty, which is drawing everybody just now to the London Pavilion.

THE extravaganza deals with the simple chronicles of a Moorish harem, built on the lines of the Arabian Nights Entertainments. I have been in a real harem only once, but it was nothing like so fascinating a place as that which serves as the background of the story at the London Pavilion. A gentle Arab down Biskra way, being apparently a little heterodox in his opinions, offered to introduce me to his harem. Being a born Cockney, I rather jumped at the idea; but the real thing turned out to be pretty poor stuff. The occupants of the harem were the gentle Arab's wife and his mother and his infant child, the last very industriously taking its afternoon meal from the natural source. In a nice, trustful spirit, both ladies were unveiled; but after the first glance at them it struck me that a veil must sometimes prove to be a very merciful institution. But an extravaganza must, of course, gild the gingerbread liberally; and so at the Pavilion the ladies are not only all beautiful in both essentials and details, but they wear "creations" of a richness and ingenious beauty unsurpassed in our annals, or something of that sort.

THE master of the harem, Afgar (Mr. John Humphries), is described as a rich Moor, and when you have seen his ladies and their frocks you can readily believe that he is not doing it on two-ten a week. He has thirty wives, which is so far outside the canonical maximum of four that it seems possible that some of them are not really married, only it would never do to admit it on the programme. And as all the thirty seem to be on the active list, all sorts of quaint queries naturally arise, and prove to be as diverting to the ladies as they are to the gentlemen, to judge by the liberal manner in which the outbreaks of merriment are shared between them in the audience. The story is necessarily slight, as the music takes up a good deal of room in its delicate

and agreeably assertive way, the singing and dancing being all part of the prevailing atmospheric conditions. We begin with Don Juan,

Junior, described on the programme as a Spanish Prisoner, though not, of course, one of the kind that deals in buried treasure for a small commission payable in advance. Don Juan, as his name implies, has a weakness for feminine society, and that is what has got him into trouble here. He has been convicted of the offence of trying to get into Afgar's harem without a card of introduction, and has, therefore, been put into a large cage, through the bars of which he may see, Tantalus-like, loveliness of all kinds disporting itself before him, while he remains, as it were, out of touch with the proceedings.

STILL, Don Juan (Mr. Harry Welchman) is not without attractiveness of his own, from the point of view of the eager feminine. Zaydee, the favourite wife of Afgar (Alice Delysia), is rather taken with the young man, and seems very anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, which is not unnatural, seeing that she is a lively young thing, and Afgar himself owns up to sixty-two, and at that age the age of miracles is past. But, in spite of the poet's assertion, iron bars do make a cage in this instance, and Zaydee and Don Juan can do no more than make love with a Platonic correctness which is rather obviously a matter of annoyance to the impatient lady. About this time we learn that Don Juan has left a sweetheart named Isilda behind him in old Madrid, so that it is at once clear that Zaydee can never be more than a temporary accessory, as you might say. Don Juan's faithful squire, Coucourli, brings Isilda all the way from Spain, and, in order to gain access to the courtyard of the palace where Don Juan is confined, he announces that the girl he brings with him is a lovely slave of rare perfection, whom he is prepared to sacrifice on a cash

down basis if Afgar cares to add her to his collection. Afgar considers the matter very seriously, and thus gives rise to a rumour in the harem that he is positively thinking of taking another wife. The thirty wives are not unnaturally very indignant about it, as in their view, and I presume they may claim to speak by the card, the harem is overstocked already.

THE way out of the trouble is the obvious one. Zaydee calls for a lightning strike. Wives have their rights, even though these may not be readily acknowledged by an elderly lord who is constrained to admit that there are occasions on which you would just as soon have a cup of tea. Mr. John Humphries is very droll with his quiet, dry humour, which seems to raise the maximum of laughter with the minimum of effort. But the moving spirit of the production is the delightfully energetic Delysia. She does not care about Don Juan's sweetheart. She is going to get the young man out of his cage for herself. First of all, however, she must coax the key of the cage from Afgar, and her simulation of rich and clinging affections while she is running her hand all over the old man's waistcoat to see which

pocket the key is concealed is a very choice piece of nonsense. And when she has got Don Juan out of his cage and finds him still thinking of his real sweetheart her manner of shaking him up, as if she were trying to galvanise him into passion, is extremely droll. She has no use for a nice-looking young man who can do no more than print a respectful kiss upon her brow.

MR. LUPINO LANE as the faithful Squire is very happy in his part. His song, "The Man From Mexico," is a happy inspiration, but the dance that follows it is happier still. I was not surprised that after such a prodigious display of acrobatic activity he contented himself with merely bowing the "encore" away from a corner of the stage. The marvel is that he had breath enough left to do even that. Another of his remarkable dances is given with Miss Mona Païva as a partner, in a costume that seems to have excited comments out of all proportion to its dimensions. *Afgar* must represent the high-water mark in Mr. Cochran's record of productions. It is not only riotously amusing, but all its dainty eccentricities of scene and costume are in perfect taste. JINGLE

Bairnsfather Beaten!

AN OLD BILL MORE OLD BILLISH THAN HIS PROTOTYPE

Photograph *G. P. U.*

On a certain morning last week this office was positively swarming with Old Bills. Old Bills jostled one another on the staircase and along the corridors. It was even rumoured that some of them were on the roof. It was the decisive day in the "Fragments" Old Bill Competition, and here is the winner, Mr. Samuel Birkenshaw, of 123, Eldon Street, Oldham, who wins the prize of a post on the staff of "Fragments." Bairnsfather is a modern Pygmalion and his Galatea has come to life!

The Bystander in Paris

"LIVENING UP." *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THEY begin to come back, all the funny people who make the real Paris and not the Paris that is only of society. It is not from Deauville and Biarritz that they come back—oh, no! it is longer than a month that they are away. They come back now from the War of five years. At last, after so long, our slow Government has allowed that they shall return to their homes, and it is in Paris how one feels the difference.

SINCE so long our life has been slow, but now again it begins to be quick, and not of our Allies but of ourselves. Our Paris begins to work and to amuse itself again. It is five years that all of the work has been at the front, and we have been lazy without the ideas. But now one has the sensation that there goes to begin again the so pleasant life when everyone has worked so hard with the head or with the hands, and afterwards has enjoyed to amuse himself.

THERE has been on Wednesday that we have held again after the holidays of the summer a reunion of our society of *les jeunes d'après la guerre*. Before, when we have first made our project, everyone has talked very much of what he will do, and now already everyone is begun to do something. There is Yvette who goes to have a real shop with her brother Raymond for the decoration. They have so modern ideas that it will be a revolution if they succeed to have clients, but one is glad at least that they have the enthusiasm and much money.

THERE is Antoine Duguay who goes to publish his poems, and Jean Romanet who already succeeds to have a play accepted, and is so busy to have rehearsals, and to be in despair that he will not have a success. And there are so many more of our society who go to do the respectable things like to attend the courses of the Sorbonne and to begin again the practice of the law.

ALL the Quartier Latin is again full of the life. In the cafés they discuss the philosophy and the art and the love and the life, and they begin again the life of the student, like it has been in the Quartier since hundreds and hundreds of years. Perhaps it is that one has lost a leg, or that another is already decorated of ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur, but they go to study and to amuse themselves as if they have never known how it has been to fight in the great battles.

"The wide trousers of velours"

EVEN of the costumes they have not changed, and when they have put off for the last time the horizon-blue of five years, at once they have bought the wide tie and the trousers of an extravagance of volume. "One must preserve the tradition," they say, "and it is also true that in this time of the dear life one does well to buy the wide trousers of *velours*. Look you, how they will last for three years."

IT is of the dear life that they begin to concern themselves, our students of the Quartier. They have founded "La Ligue contre la vie chère du Quartier Latin," and already they make their success. In the Marché des Carmes of the Boulevard Saint Germain they have opened their stall to sell the *légumes* to each other at the price of the farmers. There is a brave man who is not afraid of the market-women, who is the founder of the stall, one who will become a personage of mark.

(Continued on page 108)

"There is Yvette who goes to have a real shop"

Battle Areas—From the Woman's Standpoint

IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRY NEAR ARRAS

(1) A Frenchman's temporary house over his old one, shattered by shell fire. (2) Near Bapaume, a peasant woman repairs the roof of her house. (3) Prisoners to be repatriated await their orders in a prison-camp on the Arras-Douai road

BY HELEN McKIE

"Every day they have with her a battle"

With his young men he has gone to les Halles. All have worn a *béret* with so gay ribbons on their heads. They have bought the red carrots, the cauliflowers, the salad enough for all their big family, and then they have gone to the Marché des Carmes and have put up their big sign that: "Here the students of the Quartier sell the vegetables to their friends at the price of the Central Markets."

How the other merchants have regarded them with the look of anger, when so quickly the big piles of red carrots and the white cauliflowers and green salad have disappeared. All the girls of the Quartier who are the housekeepers are come with their *filets* and their baskets to buy. "*Voyons*, Mimi," they have said to each other. "One has here the salad three sous less dear—*c'est chic*."

There is everywhere so much talk of what they will do in the Quartier to lower the prices of the *mercantis*. One talks that he will open a café, and another that he will establish a restaurant to make a dinner of 2 frs. 50 like one has had before the War. And there are others—the wild ones who have only the force and not the clever brains—who say that they go to make to the *mercantis* to change by the boycott, and if the boycott does not succeed that they will one day again hear in the streets the old cry, "*à la lanterne*."

One has fear to hear such bad talk, but it is always that the Quartier has been like that. Even our old Tiger, our M. Clemenceau, has made his revolution of the students in the time of the Second Empire, and has been put in prison. Perhaps it will be that there is another Tiger among the students, who will not be of so good a behaviour as the clever ones who are content to sell the vegetables.

But *la vie normale* begins also to establish itself, and if the *bock*, which has been twenty centimes before the War, is now forty, why, it is a philosophy to have only one and not two, and one can have more for the dinner if one does not take an *apéritif* at the Rotonde. It is the lucky ones who have not to buy the furniture and to find the rooms to live in like our cousin, Pierre, who has returned to the studio that he has had before the War. All the time of the War it has been so lonely and deserted, except when sometimes Lucile and I have gone to dust the furniture.

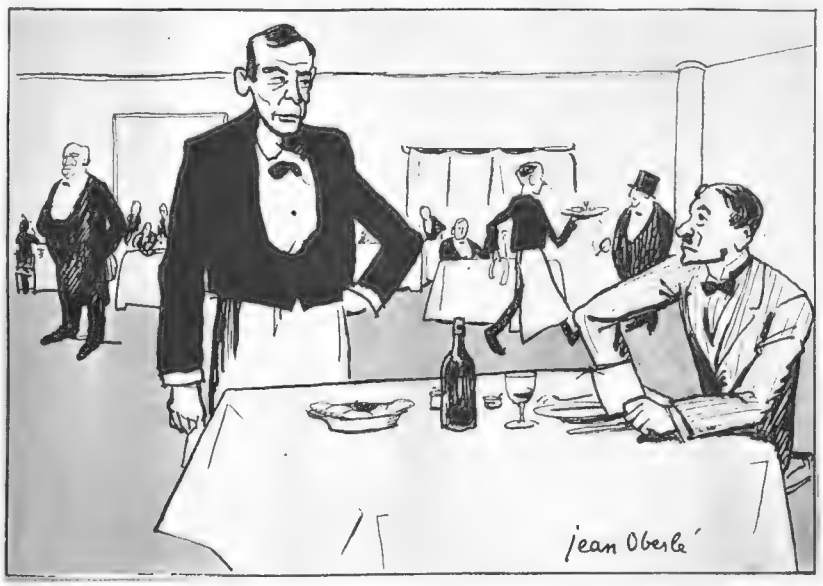
"The students of the Quartier sell the vegetables to their friends"

But now it is so different. Everyone of his friends who has not found an *appartement* has come to him, and he has told them how they must bring their bed. Now there are nine who have made his studio like a hospital, and the *concièrge* has said how she will not admit another one. Every day they have with her a battle, but Pierre has told her that if she does not allow that they stay they will make so much noise to keep everyone awake all night that all the other tenants will go away.

It is my idea that our Quartier Latin, which has been so quiet for five years, goes again to be gay.

Your friend,

AGNÈS.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

"You allow a discount to confrères?"
"Yes, sir; are you a restaurant proprietor?"
"No—I'm only a professional thief"

By Jean Oberlé

Disposals Board, Please Note

"What on earth have you got those for?"
"You said duck shooting, so I thought these might prove useful!"

BY W. E. WIGFULL

"Autumn Leaves"

LADY: "How sad, William, to see all the leaves falling."
GARDENER: "Yes, mum, 'orrid, an' every blessed one 'as to be swep' up and burnt!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

The Power of Environment

By STEWART SMITH

THE Padre of the 42nd Hussars pushed open the door of his hut, and immediately his servant dropped the boot he was polishing and sprang to attention.

The Padre smiled. "It is the last time you will have to do that," he said. "I have just been demobilised, and I am going home to-morrow."

The private picked up the fallen boot and searched vigorously under the bed for its pair. He retrieved it, and just as he got to the door he turned.

"That's strange, sorr," he said. "I got me papers this morning, and I was going to tell yer that I be horf to-morrow."

"So we both leave the regiment together," and the Padre heaved a sigh.

"Yes, sorr, and we jined on the same day, three years ago, somewhere hover there," and Smith dramatically threw his hand above his head in the direction of the gas bracket.

"We've had good times together, as well as stiff ones, haven't we? If you are ever in the direction of Buckley come to the rectory and we'll light a fag and perhaps we'll talk!"

"Maybe we'll talk, sorr, but yer missus and yer 'ome would be too grand for the loikes of me," and when the door clicked the Padre felt he had lost a friend.

Three years ago he had left his devoted wife and sleepy little parish, with a curious pain at his heart, and it had amazed him how quickly he had fallen into the luxurious ways of a Cavalry mess.

Of course, there had been the rough-and-tumble of life in France, but the Army knows how to make itself comfortable under all conditions, and the Mess President had seen that the Padre's account was not too heavy.

The expensive cigars and ever-flowing stream of good wine appealed to his almost submerged fastidiousness, and Smith could tell of a heated atmosphere if the black metal crosses were not exactly in their place on the immaculate tunic of his master.

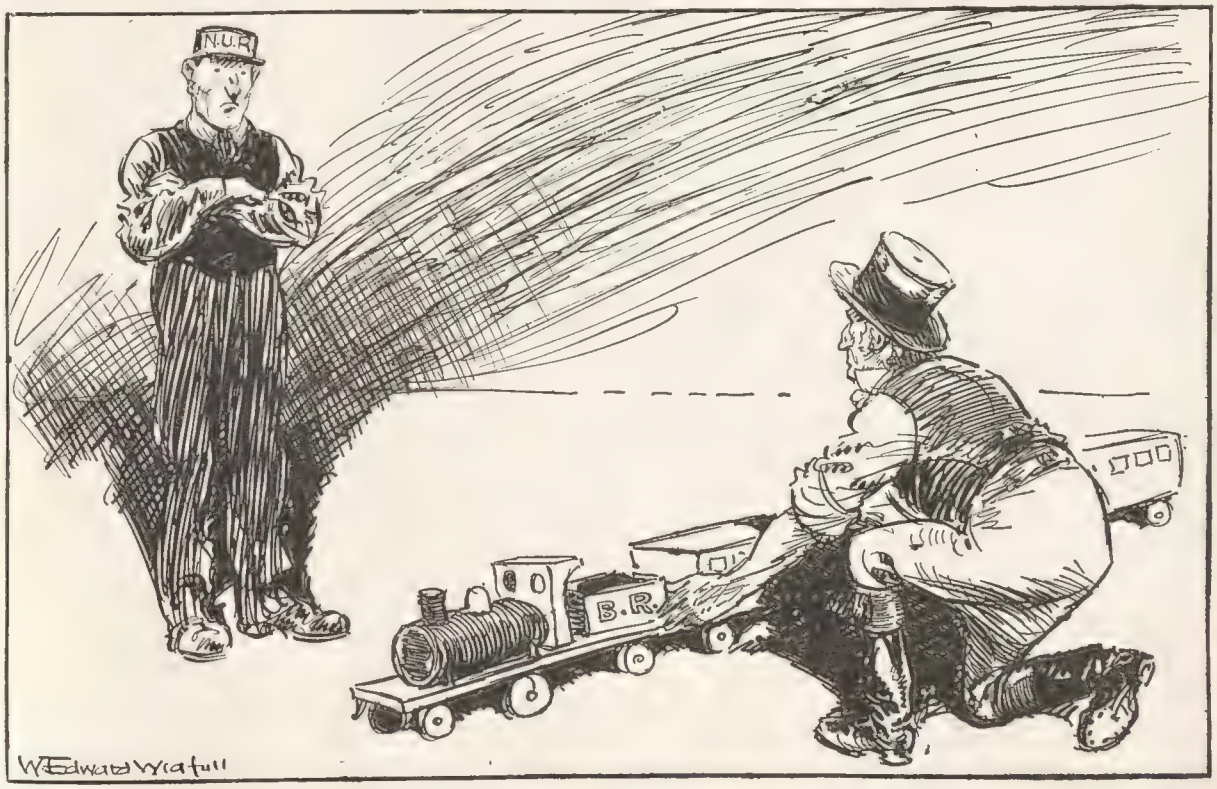
And now the day had dawned for the return to that still devoted wife and even more sleepy parish.

Six months later the Padre found that he had two hours to wait at Doncaster for a train connection. He took out a worn leather address-book and carefully turned to the letter S.

In a few minutes he knocked at one of the doors of a row of squalid railwaymen's houses. His coat, shiny at the elbows, looked almost green in the sunshine and his flat clerical hat, in spite of careful attention, had lost its original shape by constant contact with the unfriendly elements.

A big fair woman, in a fur coat of natural musquash, opened the door.

"What may you be wanting?" she asked. "We've no use for



A LESSON WELL LEARNT

N.U.R.: "I won't play with your trains!"

JOHN BULL: "Righto, I can play by myself: the War's taught me a lot!"

By W. E. WIGFULL

parsons 'ere," and her diamond earrings of exceptional size glittered as she threw back her head with an air of superiority.

"Does a man called Jim Smith live here?" said the Padre quietly. "I was out in France with him, and I thought——."

"Oh, yer be the military bloke that Jim's allus talking about. Come in, and I'll fetch 'im. 'E's washing 'imself. 'E's honly just come in. They keep 'im working at them signals height 'ours a doy an' honly give 'im four pounds a week 'c'os 'e's forgotten a bit since 'e jined the Harmy."

The Padre thought of the hundred and eighty pounds he drew a year, which was chiefly spent in paying the dilapidation bill for a rose-covered, worm-eaten rectory, and he wondered if eight hours' work would satisfy the daily demands of his exigent parishioners, but he said nothing, and followed his hostess into the front parlour.

Being a musician of no mean skill, he at once noticed the presence of a piano at each side of the fireplace, and was somewhat amused on discovering that both were locked, and that the keyholes were blocked with the dirt of ages.

"Jim, come 'ere," shouted the flamboyant lady, and, after a minute or two, in walked her husband, with a soft grey hat on the back of his head and a big Malmaison in his buttonhole.

When he caught sight of their visitor, the heels of his brown *suède* shoes pressed together, and instinctively his hand went half way up to the salute, but an intercepted glance from his wife changed the movement, and the Padre grasped the outstretched palm.

"I am glad to see you looking so fit, Smith," he began.

"Aye, don't 'e look a swell?" interrupted that persistent raucous voice, and Smith grinned sheepishly. He was proud of his wife, though at times he wished that she would not talk quite so much.

But the conversation flagged without her assistance, for she left the two men, as she expressed it, "to gas about their hadventures."

"Come into t'other room, sorr, and 'ave some tea," at length suggested Smith, but the Padre had been hurt by an indescribable disappointment.

"No thanks," he said, briefly. "Your misses and your home is too grand for the likes of me," and he strode out of the door and down the street, but his footstep had lost its martial tread and his head was bent.

"CARRYING-ON" DURING THE STRIKE
Or "Givin' Ada a lift on 'er way to the orfice"
By Blampied

"HITTING THE TARGET."

LORD FISHER'S STRIKING COMPARISON.

Men & Women Who Are Making Their Mark Every Day

In the powerful articles which Lord Fisher has been contributing to the *Times* the famous admiral gives a striking instance of the immense improvement in Naval gunnery which followed the adoption of certain new and more efficient methods by the Fleet.

Before the introduction of these reforms, says the parent of the Dreadnought, **"there were 2,000 more misses than hits,"** but afterwards **"we had 2,000 more hits than misses."** In these two pithy sentences Lord Fisher, in his uniquely picturesque way, vividly depicts the difference between inefficiency and efficiency, with their corollaries, Failure and Success.

Butler in "Hudibras" says of Success that it is

"the mark no mortal wit
Or surest hand, can always hit."

The definition suggested by Lord Fisher's story is, however, a better one: It is to have more hits than misses, not more misses than hits.

MORE HITS THAN MISSES.

Bring this maxim to bear upon every day's experience. Every man, every woman, has, every day, a certain number of opportunities given to him or to her. Many of these opportunities may be small ones, one or two may be big ones. To-day's opportunities may all be small ones, but sooner or later the big opportunity will come along as well. **And this is certain, that the more often you seize and make use of the small opportunities, the sooner the big opportunities will come.** The result of seizing the first small opportunity will be that you make a good impression. The second small opportunity seized will deepen that impression. When you have seized a number of these opportunities you will gain a reputation of being reliable, able, efficient. And then you will assuredly get the big opportunity which may mean promotion to a coveted appointment, or an increase in your pay, salary or income.

On the other hand, should you miss many of these opportunities, then the opposite reputation will be yours, you will make a bad impression, you will be regarded as inefficient and unreliable. This is true whatever your profession, business, trade, or occupation may be. To every one, in every line of life, these opportunities throng. It may be true that "no mortal wit or surest hand" can seize all of them. But if your mind is untrained you will miss most of them, whereas if your mind is trained and efficient, you will "hit the target" many more times than you miss it. You will have "2,000 more hits than misses," instead of the reverse.

It is this fact which explains the unparalleled success and world-wide popularity of Pelmanism. To half a million men and women Pelmanism has brought this secret of efficiency. Over 100,000 soldiers and sailors have adopted Pelmanism. Distinguished Admirals and Generals are devoted Pelmanists. Professional and Business men and women of all positions and ages have introduced Pelman methods in their work with marvellous results. Workers by hand and brain all over the country are finding in the "little grey books" just what they require to turn these opportunities into gold. Their grateful letters reach the Pelman Institute in hundreds every day. Visitors, too, call daily for advice regarding their particular difficulties. Distinguished authorities, after thoroughly examining the work of the Institute, pen articles describing the many aspects of Pelmanism in terms of the highest praise. **"The Pelman System,"** says *Truth* in a Report, a copy of which every reader, by calling or writing, can obtain free, **"places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."**

Undoubtedly Pelmanism is the greatest and most successful intellectual movement of our time.

Yet, the secret of Pelmanism is quite simple. (It is so of all great discoveries.) It is contained in 12 little grey books which everyone, in quite a short time, and without brain-racking study, can easily master. Pelmanism, as these masterly little volumes show, is a system which scientifically trains the mind just as scientific physical exercise trains the body. It takes the unready mind and makes it ready, alert, and efficient. It takes those defects which are the curse of modern civilisation —with its rush and tear and mental and nervous strain— Forgetfulness, Flurry, Loss of Initiative, Mental Strain, Brain-Fag, Timidity, Inattention, Lack of the Sense of Proportion and so on—and by a series of simple lessons and exercises, directed through the post by expert psychologists and instructors, and which you can practise in your spare time and at your leisure, it thoroughly and permanently eliminates them, and develops in their place the qualities that count in life.

QUALITIES THAT COUNT.

Amongst the qualities that count which are rapidly developed by Pelmanism are the following:—

—Concentration,	**—Originality,**
—Initiative,	**—Creative Imagination,**
—Retentiveness,	**—Tactfulness,**
—Judgment,	**—Salesmanship,**
—Organising Power,	**—Directive Ability,**
—Ideation,	**—Self-Control,**
—Self-Confidence,	**—Will-Power,**

in addition to other faculties (lying latent or only semi-developed in the minds of too many people) which, when brought out by a short course of scientific Mind-Training, make up a strong, forceful, efficient and successful personality.

GREAT PRESS OF ENQUIRIES.

During the past month an immense number of readers have enrolled for the Pelman Course and are now receiving instruction. The widespread appeal of Pelmanism can be judged by an analysis of the occupations represented by those who have thus enrolled. Thus the professional classes are well represented by officers of the Army and Navy, Accountants, Artists, Architects, Doctors, Teachers, Engineers, Secretaries, Surveyors, Nurses, Stockbrokers, Diplomats, Solicitors, Barristers, Clergymen, Civil Servants, and Authors; from the Business and Commercial world we have Clerks, Grocers, Contractors, Insurance Agents, Merchants, Managers, Commercial Travellers, Typists, Chemists, Tobacconists, Salesmen, Newsagents, Buyers, Shippers, Bookkeepers, Cashiers, Dealers, Directors, Watchmakers, Florists, Drapers, Ironmongers, Seedsmen, Upholsterers, and Printers; whilst the Industrial world furnishes thousands of recruits to the great and growing army of Pelmanists.

INVITATION TO READERS TO-DAY.

Those, however, who wish to learn more about the Pelman System, what it does, what people who have adopted it say about it, and how they themselves can enrol for the complete Course on special terms should lose no time in making a personal visit to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W C 1. No one who calls is *pressed* to enrol and the information required is freely given. If unable to call personally, send a postcard (or letter) to the above address and in return you will receive gratis and post free (1) a copy of Mind and Memory which fully explains the Pelman System; (2) a copy of *Truth's* special Report; (3) information enabling you to enrol should you desire to do so on special terms. Everyone should have this information. Get it for yourself by writing or calling to-day.

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

In the *Times Literary Supplement* Mr. Hugh Walpole has raised, and Mr. Arthur Waugh has continued, a discussion upon the difficulties of producing first novels just now. Expenses, it seems, are terrific. The poor publishers (who by this time must be used to all sorts of jibes) can obtain no profit unless the first novel sells to a minimum extent of two thousand copies. And how many good and thoughtful first novels are likely to do that? Very few, I am afraid. Your average reader is not on the look-out for new geniuses. He wants his old favourites. And those shrewd gentlemen who order for the big circulating libraries may be very nice men, but they never order one superfluous copy if they can help it.

* *

All of which, perhaps, lends interest to a novel which is a first one in two senses. *The Barber of Putney* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* net) is the first work of its author, Mr. J. B. Morton. It is also the first publication of Messrs. Philip Allan and Co., who most certainly have faith in the book. *The Barber of Putney* is not a work of genius, but it is an exceedingly vivid account of the War as seen by that person who is generally described as the average Tommy. Tim Hinrick leaves his barbing and joins up—a nice little man with no particular characteristic to mark him off from thousands of others. He is just a good fellow determined to get on with an unpleasant job as well as he can. And his experiences in France are not very different from those of which you will already have read or been told. He goes through the whole wearisome business, and is mercifully spared to come back to Putney. But Mr. Morton, with no censor to curb him, paints his picture in real live colours. The facts are starkly presented. You become genuinely interested in Tim and Curly and the ill-fated poet. But it remains to be seen what Mr. Morton can do with his imagination. *The Barber of Putney* must be the War as he saw it—a test, perhaps, of what he can do, but not a great test. That is to come. Meanwhile good luck to him and his publishers.

* *

The war has been responsible for a number of parodies, of which one stands out from the rest. It is doubtful whether there has ever been so successful an attempt as Mr. Pepys, Junior's, *Diary of the Great Warr*. But there are others. The three *Books of Artemas* have their numerous admirers, and contain passages which are amusing enough. Now with the publication of *Gullible's Travels in Little-Brit* (Westall: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. W. Hodgson Burnet, well-known to Bystanders, re-enters the lists, and with Swift's famous tale for a background, spins a satirical yarn which brings chuckles by the score in its course. The Man-Mountain arrives in London during the War—an obvious alien, and one very difficult to deal with. The *Daily Mail* naturally demands that all of him be interned. Nothing will induce Mr. Pemberton-Billing to believe that he is not a German, and P.-B. remains his bitterest enemy. His popularity, however, slowly increases with the public. It begins with his accidental slaughter of a flag-seller, and it reaches high-water mark when, after wading a mile or more into the Channel, he picks up a U-boat lying *perdu* at the bottom and presents it with a bow to the assembled admirals on the beach. Mr. Burnet enjoys many a dig at our most cherished institutions, in particular at our methods of governing ourselves. And without being in any way comparable to Mr. Pepys's new *Diary*, his little book, with its clever illustrations by Mr. Thomas Henry, makes good reading.

MR. GUS McNAUGHTON

Who is playing a low comedian's part in Mlle. Gina Palerme's new production, "The Girl for the Boy," at the Duke of York's Theatre

"Graphic's" Golden Jubilee Christmas Number

It may be a far cry to Christmas, but this Christmas is going to be something so special in the career of the *Graphic* that already preparations are well in hand for its Jubilee Number. It is half a century since the *Graphic* began its courtly service as the text-book of Christmas festivity. For fifty years it has been equerry to Father Christmas: in hey-day and low day the *Graphic* has helped the English reading world to keep its Christmas merrie still. Now it is about to be advanced to the Heraldic Office of Gold Rod, The Bystander ventures to be the first to congratulate it on the approaching celebration of its well-done cycle of service in the cheer of pictures and noble print, and at the same time to advise Bystander readers to order their Christmas *Graphic* at once, as there is sure to be a big run on this memorable issue of its Jubilee Christmas Number.

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An Inevitable Episode

WHEN THE P.M.G. GETS HIS PEERAGE

Picture of a gentleman ringing up Lord Illingworth to congratulate him on his Peerage, but, unfortunately, unable to get the exchange to put him through

BY ARTHUR WATTS

KNAVES AND DUPES

BY THE "OLD GUARD"

'TIS, indeed, a mad world, my masters, with leaders that do not lead, and Governments that govern not. The honest toiler, taking little thought of the true way of life is taught that he receives not his fair share of the world's wealth, and is counselled that if he will but withhold his labour and reduce everyone's share, his own by some magical process will be increased. Wherefore moved like a pawn across the board he goes on Strike.

THE Strike is no weapon for civilised communities. In the primitive or savage state it matters little who labours or who labours not. But in a complicated state of society whose units are interdependent it should not be tolerated, and they that govern should say the word that will forbid it for ever. There are those that mouth the fatuous precept that no man may be reprehended for withholding his labour since such is his lawful right as a free citizen. Was there ever more pitiful nonsense flung out to reasoning beings? What, an it please ye, would the Striker say of the surgeon who withheld his labour from an operation upon which a life depended? And if a man be no surgeon, but one whose great task it is to send food to the hungry and physic to the sick, shall less be said of him if, at the bidding of an idle caprice of the moment, he withhold the labour of his hands?

THE gods of old that laughed at the antics of the frog that would become a bull must laugh again to-day at the so-called leaders of men who go where their fellows drag them, and are hard put to it to keep up with the tail of the procession. 'Tis in very truth a jesting libel on the good name of leadership. Yet 'tis at the bidding of these that the Strike begins. The Strike is the blind hitting of the defeated bully. It is comparable to the feat of the village idiot who starts a boulder rolling down a hill, the foot of which he cannot see, and who is alarmed to hear a cry of agony coming from below.

THE Strike is a system of negation that dwarfs the better nature of man. As he suspends his labour, so he suspends all else, including his reason and his humanity. He becomes a mere puppet in the hands of designing men who look out upon the world and see only the bad in it. Among the fellows peremptorily ordered to strike are many enough who would not of malice prepense tread upon a worm. And yet we read that some of those whose business it was to feed and water horses withheld their labour at the bidding of their charlatan leaders, and left the unhappy creatures to their agony. What manner of a social system is this that turns men into very beasts?

'TIS, however, of common report that the Railway Strike had no good faith behind it at all. The leaders of the deluded men were themselves under delusion. Behind them were the real leaders, cunning intriguers pulling the strings, but careful not to show their hands for fear of the wrath to come. Ignorant though the labourer be of the far-reaching effect of the Strike, they that turn him from the straight path are better informed. Theirs is the unholy task of deliberately and maliciously adding to the sum of human poverty and woe so that blank despair may beget general revolt and usher in the new heaven and new earth prated of by reckless visionaries and their irregular womenkind who seek to break the Tablets of the Law so that henceforth, being lawless, they may be without reproach.

THE Strike is the cancer of the body politic, and they that scheme it should be called to answer for their folly before their better fellow men. It is mutiny against the State, treachery against the body politic, and a mad attempt to destroy the lives and happiness of the men, women, and children of the Empire. If the Government be not strong enough to say that this thing shall not be, it should give place to one of greater courage. We have specified the charges and the delinquents are known. Let the Government govern.

IN *HIS* TRAIN!

By Charles H. Phelp

Handing It On!

THE BOCHE: "Carry on—Brother!"

BY CHARLES GRAVE

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

SPORT IN STRIKE-TIME

The Bike for the Strike

The principal athletic pursuit of the past week or so appears to have been bicycling, but since it has been indulged in mainly from necessity rather than from choice, it seems doubtful whether it comes in the category of sport. Moreover, the man is rather to be envied who can see any sport in pedal-pushing through places, say, like Clapham or Brixton, or the classic precincts of the Oval and the Elephant. On the other hand, it is, of course, true that the element of danger enters into the highest forms of sport, and that some people refuse to recognise as a sport anything in which that element is not present. From this point of view, bicycling in the congested state of the traffic last week was certainly some sport.

No Joy-Ride

I myself am one of those old-fashioned people who look upon bicycling as a pastime from which a good deal of healthy enjoyment can be derived. I ride my bicycle sometimes purely for recreation, and sometimes because it enables me to combine pleasure with business. Consequently, I was better off when the trains stopped running than a good many of my fellow-men, who, like myself, do not own cars. My bicycle, though by no means in its first youth, is always kept "in commission," and it looked positively smart as compared with some of the ancient crocks which were on the road last week. But, when all is said and done, I cannot claim to be an expert traffic-rider, and if, while I was pottering warily along in the maze of vehicles of all sorts and conditions with which the strike flooded the roads, anyone had asked me whether I would do that from choice, I might have replied (valiantly) "Yes"—but I should have been a liar. No. This pedal-pushing stunt in strike-time has been a novel and interesting experience for many of us, but I don't somehow think that when things are normal again I shall make a hobby of cycling between my home and the BYSTANDER Office.

The Set-back to Sport

The strike came just at the time when there were indications of a return to the prosperity of pre-war days, and when the energies of the nation at large should have been concentrated on the attainment of that object. In the case of sport, likewise, the set-back came at the very time when the reconstruction of our autumn and winter pastimes, such as football and hockey, had begun so promisingly as to justify the belief that they would soon be restored to their pristine prosperity.

I am not concerned in the least with the merits of the strike. It may be that the strikers had a grievance which was in their view, at any rate, a legitimate one. Most of us have our grievances of one kind or another, but this is not the time for airing them, and I maintain that the man who seeks to air his grievances, through the medium of a strike at a time like the present, is neither a patriot nor a sportsman, whatever else he may be.

FROM O.C. CRICKET TO O. i/c MILK-CANS

Mr. D. C. F. Burton, captain of Yorkshire, the champion cricket county, was one of the voluntary workers at Paddington Station last week

Photographs *Sport and General*

ABE MITCHELL GEORGE DUNCAN

Finalists in the "News of the World" Tournament (the big event of the year in professional golf) which was decided at Walton Heath last week. Mitchell was the winner, after a dramatic finish, by one hole

How it Has Been Faced

I was glad to see that the lessons taught us by the War had not been forgotten. Racing was stopped—not a moment sooner than it should have been—and everybody seemed to realise that recreation in all its forms could only be tolerated where it did not involve a strain upon resources which were needed for more vital purposes, and that,

(*Continued on page 124*)

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"Rugger" at the Rectory Field

PERSONALITIES IN THE BLACKHEATH FINAL TRIAL MATCH

The Blackheath Final Trial Match was held despite the difficulties of transport and most of the players were able to arrive in time. The game was played between "1914" players and those who have recently joined the club. Our artist gives above impressions of some of the more famous rugger men who took part in the match

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

in particular, the use of transport, whether mechanical or horse-drawn, either for pleasure or as a means to pleasure was to be deprecated. There have been cases in which transport has been most injudiciously wasted in the conveyance of football teams by road in order to enable them to fulfil their engagements with distant adversaries, but they were not very numerous. We all know how distasteful it is to have to scratch an important fixture, and, therefore, those who smothered their feelings for the sake of the common cause, deserve no little commendation. The strike has taught us, perhaps, even more than the War, that circumstances may arise quite suddenly in which we must be content with such recreation as can be got in the vicinity of our homes, and with just so much of it as suffices to keep us fit for our work. And however much we may have chafed over the set-back with which sport has been faced, we can remember with satisfaction that there is virtue in the motto, *Reculer pour mieux sauter.* H. S. S.

Racing and the Strike

BY "CARBINE"

An Error of Judgment

Racing is suspended at the moment of writing, and very properly so. The outbreak of the strike found the Stewards of the Jockey Club singularly unprepared for the emergency. Lord Lonsdale was at Lowther, Lord Durham was also in the North, and Lord Penrhyn, too, was miles away from town. The last-named managed to find his way to Newmarket on the day preceding the opening of the first October meeting, and, after consultation with other officials, he decided that the fixture should be brought off as arranged. It was a woeful error of judgment. Nearly every racing man expected the meeting to be abandoned, and the Jockey Club's decision to let it go on came as a complete surprise. Nobody agreed with the decision excepting the interested Newmarket trainers, and even they were decidedly lukewarm about it. Well, as you know, the Government put its foot down on the first day of the meeting, and the rest of it had to be abandoned. I do not want to rub it in to the Jockey Club officials unnecessarily, they have already been sufficiently well roasted in the Press. As a rule their policy is sound and dignified, but in this matter they swerved completely off the track. Let us leave it at that.

Curious Day at Newmarget

Those who were able to be on Newmarket Heath for the single day's racing will remember the scene for a long time. Naturally the crowd was so thin that you could have "seen through it." Although there was plenty of elbow room nobody felt very comfortable, and at the close of the afternoon it came as a relief to know that there would be no more racing so long as the strike lasted.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

"JAZZED TO THE WORLD"

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag" and "Victory" are now published in colour 17" x 12", at 1/- each.

THE POWER OF THE POSTSCRIPT.
A FANTASY, by H. Dennis Bradley.

IT was late August in the year 1929.
The memorable session was over; the P.M. had spoken for three hr in the course of his message to the people he had vituperated his er personal, political, and journalistic, had extolled his virtues, rhapsodis r past achievements, had produced an entirely new peroration, in which ns to mountain-tops and the gallant little country were conspicuor ieir absence (the sensation caused may be imagined), and now sat ' dage of Beauville, pondering the message of the merry.
A private secretary approached, and the P.M. raised an brow.
"The country awaits the usual postcript to your message, ained the highly-strung official.
The P.M. frowned and sat for a while in silence, awaiting the *hwyl.*

* * * *

"Write to the dear bureaucrats," commanded the P.M., "tell them it is essential that the vulgar and the commercial should have an example, someone or something to look up to, to emulate, I expect every bureaucrat to demobilise his army to the extent of one half."
The secretary shuddered as he made the note.
"But we cannot allow the demobilised man, woman, aye, and flapper, to swell the vast army of unemployed," mused the P.M. "I have it!" he cried exultantly—oh, this *hwyl*! Oh, these afterthoughts! "It is time, in this the tenth year of the Great Peace to establish the post of Secretary of State for Peace. Transfer the demobilised War Office to the Peace Office—a vast staff will be necessary—and then," he added archly—"wait and see!" He mused on. "A Ministry of Thrift will also be necessary. That will absorb all the existing bureaux and their staffs, and it is even possible that increased staffs may be necessary. Meantime, to save money on the erection of new buildings, the Carlton, Claridge's, and the Ritz must be commandeered for the duration of the peace.

* * * *

"As for the business and commercial communities, warn them severely that they must produce, produce, produce, and economise, economise, economise! As a warning to the unpatriotic tradesman who attempts to make a profit out of the nation's needs in the time of peace, the Excess Profit Tax will be raised at once to 99 per cent., and to bring the necessity for saving home to the middle classes the Income-Tax will be increased to 19s. 11d. in the pound. End the message," he concluded, "with the usual exhortation to be virtuous and docile, and whatever fruity peroration appeals to you. There are several in stock." He ceased, his eyes closed, and his head sank upon his chest.
"Produce, produce!" he murmured. "Economise, economise! Produce——"
Grrrh.
It was a snore. The Head of the Business Government slept.

* * * *

Thank God the House of Pope and Bradley does produce and would produce at lower prices if the Income Tax were not so high. Even producers must live. Lounge suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Overcoats from £10 10s Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

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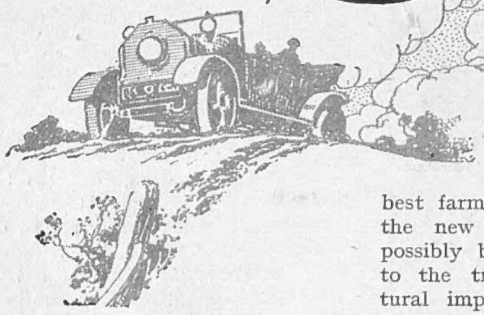
Motoring & Aviation



RECENTLY I spent a week at Lincoln to witness the trials of the agricultural motors built in this country, and a bunch of imported wallahs as well. They puffed, snorted, and pulled various agricultural implements, ploughing and cultivating the heavy and lighter land for the benefit of many thousand agriculturists who had assembled there from all parts of the world, and for three or four local farmers whose soil was being experimented with for the general benefit. To be precise, there were forty-four tractors using steam, petroleum and petrol, scattered over about five miles, of which twenty-two were British, eighteen American, one Italian, and three a mixed breed of Anglo-American. Perhaps that was the reason that the oil firm of that name had the concession of being the official fuel suppliers in the trial. How they all got on, from the official point of view, I don't know, as the judges' report is not yet issued, but I do know they all seemed to plough about an acre an hour, while that is as much as a horse can do in a day under the most favourable circumstances.

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THERE are no prizes to be awarded as there can be no best tractor, for different lands want different sorts of machines, to say nothing of different types and forms of agricultural implements themselves. In fact, that part of the business seems to require as much attention and design as the tractors themselves, and a new school of ploughman-motorists has got to be raised, if real progress in the use of power for tilling is going to be made. People are apt to think any fool can plough, and that's where they make a big mistake, as it is far easier to learn how to drive and keep the tractor going all right than to learn the ploughing end of the business, that really matters most. Hence the necessity for the P.M., with the accent on the P., and don't you forget it.

BUT the greatest joke of the whole business was the motor trade itself, got up in its best farming suits, who brought all the new model cars that could possibly be got on the road down to the trial grounds and agricultural implement exhibition on the Carlton aerodrome, some hangars of which were used as show buildings. The oldest inhabitant told me there had never been such a large number of motor vehicles in Lincoln before, even on a race day, but I expect it was the Clarkson's steam omnibuses and A.E.C., and various other petrol char-à-bancs that arrived there from London Town to carry the visitors to and fro, that impressed him most. I took advantage to test the new cars as much as possible, and had runs on the new six-cylinder Daimler chassis, the new 16-20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby four-cylinder touring car, the new six-cylinder Sunbeam, with a most resplendent silver bonnet and sporting four-seated body, the new Angus-Saunderson, to say nothing of a 25 h.p. Talbot that had been bought out of the ambulance just before the armistice and fitted with a Studebaker body, whose owner was making a fortune (he had only paid £75 for the chassis) running it as a hackney carriage.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MAILS FOR PARIS AND BRUSSELS
Go by 'plane owing to the strike

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ALMOST forgot the new Austin in my epitome of trial runs, but I liked this very much, and wished I was down on the delivery list, as it is real good value, and the springing was excellent. The rough cart roads gave me a really good test of this quality. As for the others, I must say that as comfortable vehicles there was nothing to grumble at, so that the motoring public will have quite a large number of cars to pick from, and if the prices suit them it is going to be a hard job to decide which to buy.

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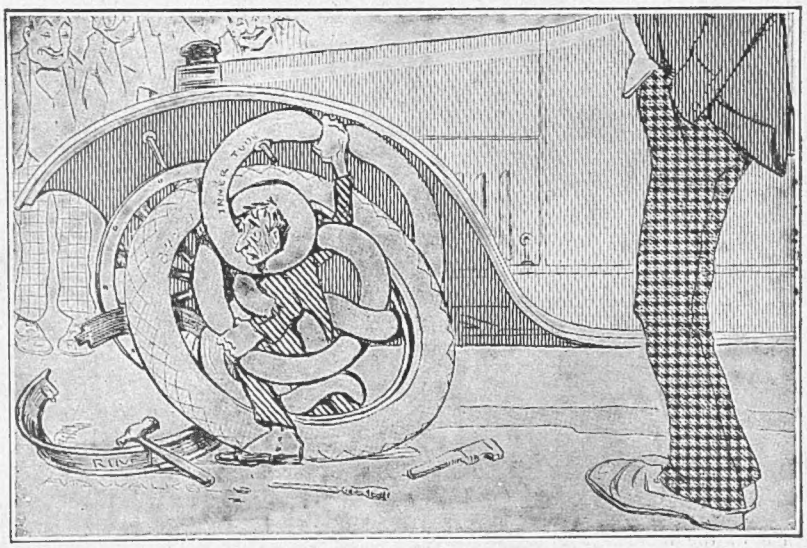
IF the present railway strike does not induce Sir Eric Geddes and the Government generally to



THAT "TIRED" FEELING
When, having of necessity taken to road transport on account of the strike, you are trying to change tyres for the first time in public

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

realise that the motor industry is a *key* industry, I don't know what will. The road, the open road, has saved the situation, and I hope the Minister of Transport will appreciate this in his future policy. Who would have believed you if it had been stated that London's milk supply could be brought from the farms to the Metropolis by road? No one, but those enthusiastic motorists who have been trying to persuade the commercial community generally that within fifty miles of any city its goods could be as efficiently and economically carried by motor as by rail, and possibly better as there would be less handling. Possibly out of evil may come good to road transport generally for the future, as although to-day the sudden call for motors may result in some confusion in places, on the whole the situation has been dealt with by the motor vehicle without undue extravagance in cost. One hopes that the photographer has not missed the opportunity of portraying the endless line of motor vehicles to be seen on any of the main thoroughfares in this country as a permanent record of how both goods and passengers can be dealt with by road transport.

* *
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Coventry, Birmingham, and the intermediate villages and towns to London have had a regular service daily run by the Daimler Company. Brighton, Folkestone, Bath, and Bristol all have their motor *char-à-banc* service running with the regularity that one usually sees maintained by the ordinary motor omnibus on its fixed routes. Southampton, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Liverpool have equally been provided for while the "jitney" car picking up passengers in any town and dropping near their required destinations at fares not dearer than railway rates, shows what could be done if a permanent organisation chose to feed the various demands of the travelling public. As for the air-motor, where time has been the chief consideration it has amply proved its worth and reliability. The newspapers have been carried to distant areas, doctors, business folk, and oversea passengers transported to their ships without any record of a serious accident. It is the reliability of the machine that is the final test in all mechanical devices and the railway strike has demonstrated that both the air-motor and the road train can be relied upon. Old Hy.

A STRIKING SHOW-CARD
Of the Motor Exhibition which will take place at Olympia from Nov. 7 to Nov. 15

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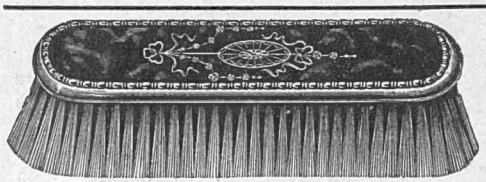

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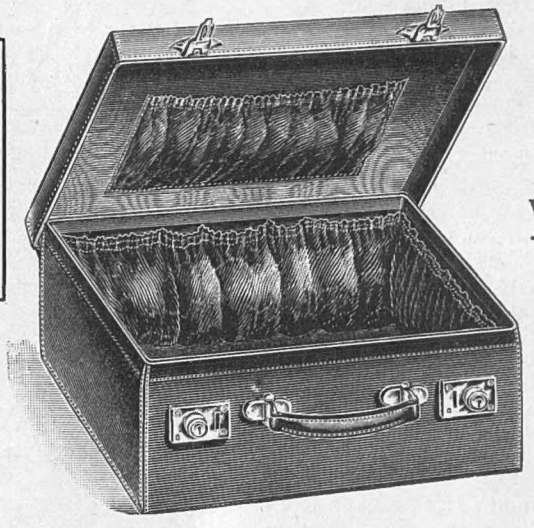

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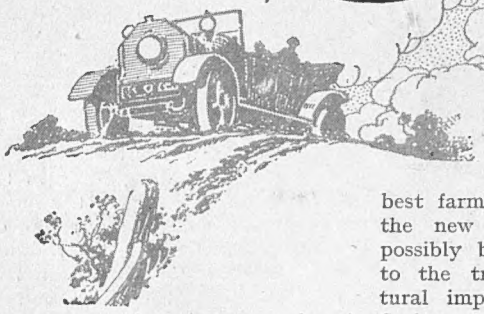
Motoring & Aviation

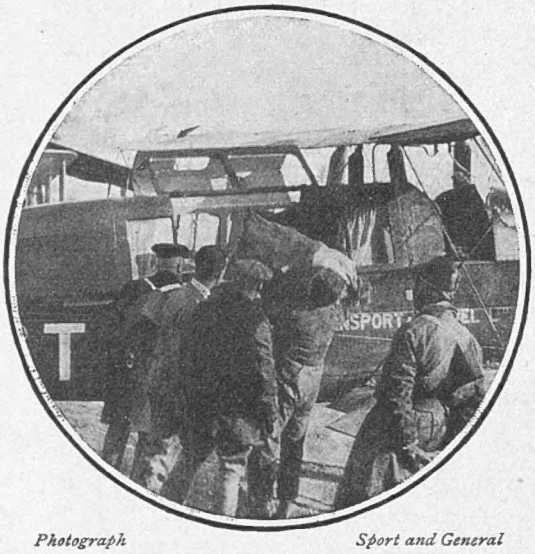


RECENTLY I spent a week at Lincoln to witness the trials of the agricultural motors built in this country, and a bunch of imported wallahs as well. They puffed, snorted, and pulled various agricultural implements, ploughing and cultivating the heavy and lighter land for the benefit of many thousand agriculturists who had assembled there from all parts of the world, and for three or four local farmers whose soil was being experimented with for the general benefit. To be precise, there were forty-four tractors using steam, petroleum and petrol, scattered over about five miles, of which twenty-two were British, eighteen American, one Italian, and three a mixed breed of Anglo-American. Perhaps that was the reason that the oil firm of that name had the concession of being the official fuel suppliers in the trial. How they all got on, from the official point of view, I don't know, as the judges' report is not yet issued, but I do know they all seemed to plough about an acre an hour, while that is as much as a horse can do in a day under the most favourable circumstances.

* * *

THERE are no prizes to be awarded as there can be no best tractor, for different lands want different sorts of machines, to say nothing of different types and forms of agricultural implements themselves. In fact, that part of the business seems to require as much attention and design as the tractors themselves, and a new school of ploughman-motorists has got to be raised, if real progress in the use of power for tilling is going to be made. People are apt to think any fool can plough, and that's where they make a big mistake, as it is far easier to learn how to drive and keep the tractor going all right than to learn the ploughing end of the business, that really matters most. Hence the necessity for the P.M., with the accent on the P., and don't you forget it.

BUT the greatest joke of the whole business was the motor trade itself, got up in its best farming suits, who brought all the new model cars that could possibly be got on the road down to the trial grounds and agricultural implement exhibition on the Carlton aerodrome, some hangars of which were used as show buildings. The oldest inhabitant told me there had never been such a large number of motor vehicles in Lincoln before, even on a race day, but I expect it was the Clarkson's steam omnibuses and A.E.C., and various other petrol char-à-bancs that arrived there from London Town to carry the visitors to and fro, that impressed him most. I took advantage to test the new cars as much as possible, and had runs on the new six-cylinder Daimler chassis, the new 16-20 h.p. Ruston-Hornsby four-cylinder touring car, the new six-cylinder Sunbeam, with a most resplendent silver bonnet and sporting four-seated body, the new Angus-Saunderson, to say nothing of a 25 h.p. Talbot that had been bought out of the ambulance just before the armistice and fitted with a Studebaker body, whose owner was making a fortune (he had only paid £75 for the chassis) running it as a hackney carriage.



Photograph *Sport and General*

MAILS FOR PARIS AND BRUSSELS
Go by 'plane owing to the strike

* * *

I ALMOST forgot the new Austin in my epitome of trial runs, but I liked this very much, and wished I was down on the delivery list, as it is real good value, and the springing was excellent. The rough cart roads gave me a really good test of this quality. As for the others, I must say that as comfortable vehicles there was nothing to grumble at, so that the motoring public will have quite a large number of cars to pick from, and if the prices suit them it is going to be a hard job to decide which to buy.

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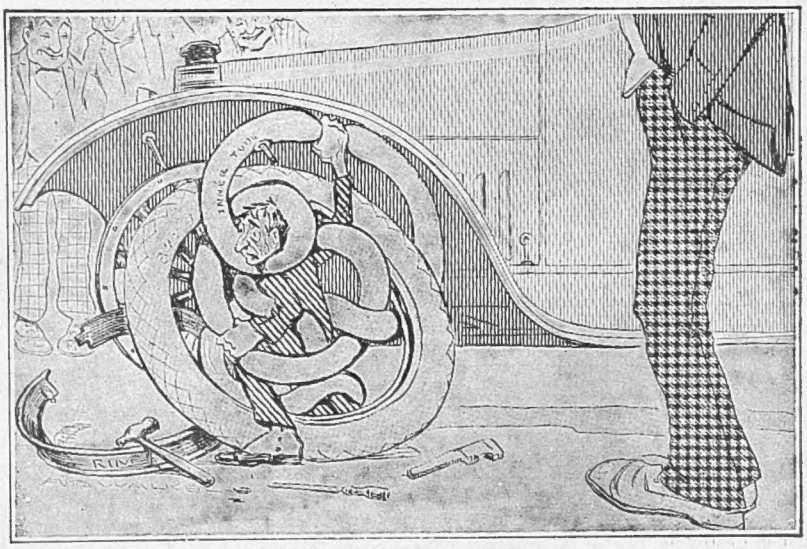
IF the present railway strike does not induce Sir Eric Geddes and the Government generally to



THAT "TIRED" FEELING
When, having of necessity taken to road transport on account of the strike, you are trying to change tyres for the first time in public

realise that the motor industry is a *key* industry, I don't know what will. The road, the open road, has saved the situation, and I hope the Minister of Transport will appreciate this in his future policy. Who would have believed you if it had been stated that London's milk supply could be brought from the farms to the Metropolis by road? No one, but those enthusiastic motorists who have been trying to persuade the commercial community generally that within fifty miles of any city its goods could be as efficiently and economically carried by motor as by rail, and possibly better as there would be less handling. Possibly out of evil may come good to road transport generally for the future, as although to-day the sudden call for motors may result in some confusion in places, on the whole the situation has been dealt with by the motor vehicle without undue extravagance in cost. One hopes that the photographer has not missed the opportunity of portraying the endless line of motor vehicles to be seen on any of the main thoroughfares in this country as a permanent record of how both goods and passengers can be dealt with by road transport.

* * *

Coventry, Birmingham, and the intermediate villages and towns to London have had a regular service daily run by the Daimler Company. Brighton, Folkestone, Bath, and Bristol all have their motor *char-à-banc* service running with the regularity that one usually sees maintained by the ordinary motor omnibus on its fixed routes. Southampton, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Liverpool have equally been provided for while the "jitney" car picking up passengers in any town and dropping near their required destinations at fares not dearer than railway rates, shows what could be done if a permanent organisation chose to feed the various demands of the travelling public. As for the air-motor, where time has been the chief consideration it has amply proved its worth and reliability. The newspapers have been carried to distant areas, doctors, business folk, and oversea passengers transported to their ships without any record of a serious accident. It is the reliability of the machine that is the final test in all mechanical devices and the railway strike has demonstrated that both the air-motor and the road train can be relied upon.

Old Hy.

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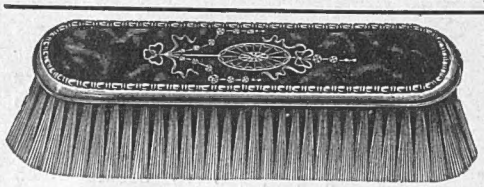

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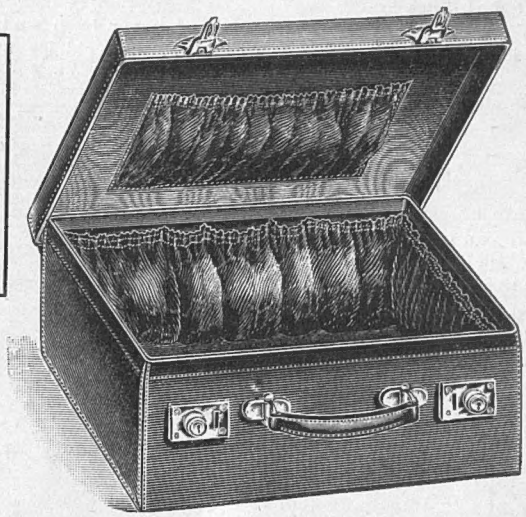

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